

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND.—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*

THE OLD LOCKET.

THE MORTONS OF MORTON HALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT VAN BROEK PROPERTY."

CHAPTER XVI.—TELLS HOW HENRY TALBOT MET WITH AN OLD SCHOOLFELLOW, AND WHAT CAME OF THE MEETING.

FOUR days after Henry Talbot's abrupt departure from St. David, Mary received the expected letter which announced that he had reached London in safety and in time to embark on board the American packet-ship *Amazon*, which was to "haul out" of the West India Dock on the following morning. It was therefore with a mingled feeling of surprise and dread that she received

a second letter a few days later, bearing the London post-mark, and directed in her brother's well-known handwriting.

"What can have happened?" she thought to herself. "Has Henry lost his passage after all?" The handwriting, clear and firm, forbade the supposition that her brother was ill—at all events so ill as necessarily to prevent him from embarking, and a feeling of gladness, for which she blamed herself, crossed her mind as she thought that the ship must have sailed without him.

"It is wrong," she thought, "for me to wish that Henry has met with disappointment, and forfeited his

passage-money, and—at least until the Amazon returns to London—has lost his outfit and all his effects; and yet, if the mishap would only induce him to remain in England I could not regret it. He could take the little store of money I possess, and make all right again. I wonder what *has* happened."

While the young lady was thus puzzling her brains to conceive the reason wherefore her brother had not already sailed for America—for that very morning Miss Wardour had brought her a newspaper just arrived from London, which announced the fact that the Amazon *had* sailed on her voyage—she might easily have ascertained all she wished to learn by simply breaking the seal and reading the contents of the letter. But, like the majority of persons who have not a large correspondence, who receive a letter they have not expected, or one which they fear may contain disagreeable tidings, she turned it about in her hands, and examined the superscription in various lights, as though, through some mesmeric influence, she could thus acquire an inkling of its contents.

At length, however, the seal was broken with trembling fingers, and the mystery disclosed.

Thus Henry had written—

" Hammersmith, September 10th, 18—.

" MY DEAR SISTER—You will doubtless be surprised when you receive this lengthy epistle, which is penned at old Mrs. Margaret's snug little cottage at Hammersmith.

" The Amazon duly sailed from London on the appointed day; and now I fancy I hear you say, 'Henry has lost his passage, and I really am not much grieved at it.' (I don't really think the loss *would* grieve you very much). No such misfortune, my little sister, has occurred. The Amazon sailed from London on the morning after my arrival from St. David, it is true, but, luckily, I called very early in the morning at the Jerusalem Coffee-House, and saw Captain Dobson.

" 'So you received my letter, and have come up to go on board the ship, young gentleman,' quoth the captain.

" 'Yes,' I replied, 'and greatly to my disappointment. I expected to remain three days longer with my sister.'

" 'Waal now, I hardly thought you'd come up,' continued the captain; 'but as you wished me to write you when the ship was about to haul out of dock, I dropped you a line, 'cording to promise.'

" 'You thought I'd forfeit my passage-money, did you?' said I, 'or did you think I'd swim off on board as the vessel sailed past the coast?'

" 'Now, I reckon you think yourself uncommon spry,' returned the captain; 'but I didn't think nothing of the kind. I thought, though, you'd join the ship at Southampton, where she'll remain a week, to receive freight and passengers. I shall join her there myself. You must be uncommon fond of being on shipboard.'

" 'Remain at Southampton a week to receive freight and passengers' said I, somewhat nettled, I can tell you, to think that I'd torn myself away from St. David in such an unpleasant manner, and under such disagreeable circumstances, to come all the way to London, and pass an unnecessary fortnight (between the British Channel and Southampton together), on board ship; besides putting myself to needless expense, when I might have remained quietly in the village. 'Why didn't you mention in your letter that such was to be the case? Why, in fact, did not you tell me that the ship would put into Southampton when I paid my passage?'

" 'As to telling you when you paid your passage—

money,' replied the captain, 'I didn't know of it myself till a week ago. I thought to sail right away from London as usual. And as to writin' a long rigmarole in my letter, you must think a shipmaster has precious little to do, 'specially when you might have seen for yourself, if you'd searched the noospapers. "Ta'n't every captain as 'ud have writ at all; but I promised, and I kep' my word; though, if you'd have staid where you were, I'd have saved feedin' ye for a fortnight.'

" 'But I'm not obliged to join the ship *now*?' I put in.

" 'Not by no manner o' means,' returned the captain. 'You're safe enow for another fortnight, good, if you're a mind to go back agi'n, and you'll see in the papers when the ship's goin' to sail from Southampton.'

" 'Then I go back, I assure you,' said I. 'I have no wish to be cooped up on shipboard in the Channel, and in Southampton, when I can be free on shore.'

" 'Very good, youngster,' replied the captain. 'I reckon you're wise myself. On'y don't say as I ha'n't done my dooty to'ards ye. And now, since you'll save me boarding you a fortnight, suppose you just bring yourself to an anchor, and take breakfast along with me? I'm just a goin' to set to.'

" So Captain Dobson and I sat down to a capital breakfast together, excellent friends; and, when breakfast was over, the captain shook hands with me, and told me he hoped to welcome me, 'all right and spry,' on board the Amazon at Southampton, that day fortnight.

" Now, my dear Mary, you'll be saying, 'Why didn't Henry come back to St. David immediately?'

" I'll tell you why. While roaming through St. James's Park, that same afternoon, I met an old schoolfellow, who has recently come of age. He was a minor, and has just stepped into a large fortune and a baronetcy, and he positively insisted that I should run down with him to his seat in Kent, and spend a day or two. I refused; but he pressed me so earnestly (and he belonged to the same form with me at Eton), that at last I consented, and a lucky visit it has turned out to be to me. But I'll tell you all about *that* when I see you. I have but just returned from Kent, and have run down here to see old Mrs. Margaret, who sends all manner of good wishes and blessings, and has loaded me with kind messages for you.

" To-night I shall start for Falmouth, and to-morrow night I hope to be with you again.

" Until then, when I shall have a week to remain at St. David, believe me,

" Sincerely your affectionate brother,

" HENRY.

" P.S.—I was rejoiced to learn from your letter that poor Mr. Aston has partially recovered consciousness, though I am sorry to hear that Doctor Pendriggen fears that a long time must elapse ere he will perfectly recover his health. H. T."

Mary Talbot was alike surprised and delighted on reading the contents of her brother's letter; though she could not very easily forgive him for spending two or three days of his brief respite even with an old Eton schoolfellow.

However, Henry arrived at the farmhouse the next evening, shortly after dark, and was rapturously welcomed by his expectant sister, who in her gladness forgot to scold him for his brief truancy.

The first question put by the young man, after an interchange of brotherly and sisterly greetings, was respecting the condition of Mr. Aston.

" He is still *very* ill," replied Mary, " though Doctor

Pendriggen says he is improving as fast as he can expect; and the doctor believes that, in course of time, he will perfectly recover his health. But the shock to his system was a severe one. The doctor says he must have been in a state of great nervous excitement when he was seized with the fit, and that he was probably endeavouring to overcome this excitement. You now may be able to explain something about it. As yet he has not spoken a word himself. Poor gentleman! I am very sorry for him. I like him very much, and he has behaved in such a kind, almost fatherly manner to me, and to you too, Henry. I should so like to see him; but as yet, no one except the doctor and the nurses may enter his room."

"Then I cannot see him?"

"I fear not, Henry. I doubt whether he would recognise you. His mind sometimes wanders throughout the whole day, although he has occasional glimpses of consciousness."

"Then he has not yet been able to explain anything about the attack?"

"No. We know nothing more than what I learnt from you, and what the fishermen who brought him home have told us."

"Well, I'm sure I sincerely hope he will recover, although I should not care to see him myself, until you have had an opportunity to explain to him the circumstances which compelled me to leave him in such an apparently careless, unfeeling manner."

"Was there any cause for excitement, Henry? Did you remark anything strange in his manner previous to the attack? Surely there had been no quarrel with any one? He had had no words with you?"

"On the contrary, Mary, he had been unusually kind in his manner and conversation, and we did not meet a soul until he was suddenly struck down. Still, I did fancy there was something strange—something peculiar in his conversation that morning."

"We talked chiefly about America, and about his children, to whom he was to give me letters of introduction that he had written, he said, the night before."

"But he spoke like a man who has something on his mind which he wishes to disclose, and who yet scarcely knows how to introduce the topic. Sometimes his voice and manner were really affectionate."

"Poor gentleman! Depend upon it, Henry dear, I will explain to him fully the cause of your quitting him, and all of us, so abruptly, as soon as I have an opportunity; and possibly, before you leave me again, he may so far recover that you may be admitted to him, and bid him good-bye."

"But now, Henry, about yourself. Who is this old schoolfellow whom you have visited, and for whom you could spare three whole days from your sister?"

"I don't recollect hearing you speak of any very particular favourite at Eton, though I suppose all boys have their chosen friends. And what has been the good fortune you met with? You wrote that you had a story to tell me, and I am all impatience to hear it. You know that women are naturally curious. Now, sir, please to explain your delinquency. What kept you so long in London?"

"Too many questions at once, Mary," replied Henry. "I shall begin by exciting your curiosity still further, and perhaps by exciting your curiosity also;" and, drawing forth a new pocket-book, the young man took from it four brand new crisp Bank of England notes for fifty pounds each, and spread them open upon the table before his sister's wondering eyes.

"What is the meaning of this, Henry dear?" ex-

claimed Mary. "Where did you get so much money from? It is not your own?"

"It is my own, Mary," replied the young man, enjoying the amazement of his sister. "My own, at all events, to make what use of I please, until I am in a position to repay it—without inconvenience."

"Under no other conditions would I accept the money."

"Henry dear," said Mary, gently, and placing her hand on her brother's shoulder, "do you not remember that dear mamma begged us never to involve ourselves in debt willingly, or to an amount that we had no prospect of being enabled to repay? You would not borrow of me what would have been no loan, but a free gift."

"Because if I were starving I could not rob you of your little pittance, Mary. But, as to this money. It is a loan. Had I willed it, it might have been a free gift—twice as much, if I would have accepted it. I refused even to borrow, until the old schoolfellow of whom I wrote, and who is the owner of a vast fortune—to whom this sum is in fact a mere bagatelle—was angry at my refusal. He urged me, pressed me to accept the loan, wanted to make it five hundred pounds, and at length I felt almost obliged to accept it. 'I shall never be able to repay you,' I said. 'I shall never ask you to do so,' he replied; and at length, as I have said, perceiving that he was hurt at my obstinate refusal, I consented, feeling that the money would really be of service to me. But I accepted it on the express condition that I was to repay it as soon as I was really able; but that—this he insisted upon—I was not to think of repaying it until I could do so without inconvenience to myself."

"And who is this generous friend who has shown so much kindness to my brother?" inquired Mary, placing one hand again upon the young man's shoulder, while she passed the other fondly across his brow.

"That is a secret I am bound not to disclose even to you, Mary."

"A secret! why a secret, Henry?"

"Oh, there's no mystery—nothing wrong—nothing that I need to be ashamed of, unless it be a crime to be poor, and to accept a favour from a friend," replied Henry, smiling at his sister's amazement.

"You need not look as if you thought I had been an accomplice in some terrible crime," he went on, "or had received a reward for wrong doing. The secret, dear Mary, is simply this. When at length I consented to accept the loan, I said—

"There is not another person in the world who would act so generously, old fellow; and I don't know that I would lay myself under an obligation to any other—"

"Not even to your sister," put in Mary, reproachfully.

"Not to my sister, when by so doing I should deprive her of her little all," replied Henry. "But to my story—

"Don't speak of it, then," said my schoolfellow. "Never allude to it under any circumstances, to me nor to any other person, or I shall think you are pained at the thought, and that you don't regard me as a friend. Promise that you will never mention to any living creature that you have gratified me by permitting me to help you with such a trifle."

"And I did promise."

"Arthur," I said, "I must tell my sister that a friend has assisted me with a loan; but even to her I will not mention that friend's name, until I am able to repay the money. Then I shall introduce you to my sister, and

say, 'Mary, this is the friend to whom I am indebted for the loan which has enabled me to help myself forward in the world.'

"For, to tell you the truth, Mary," continued the young man, "though I spoke lightly of it, I have thought at times, that, in case of any unforeseen accident or delay at New Orleans, I might find myself awkwardly situated."

"At least tell me where your friend—Arthur, resides," said Mary.

"Ah!" cried Henry, with a laugh, "I have, I find, unwittingly spoken of my old schoolfellow by his Christian name. Now, you would have me say where he lives, and then your curiosity would lead you to hunt up some county directory, until, between the Christian name and the residence, you succeed in discovering the secret—eh?"

Mary smiled in reply, and Henry went on—

"I didn't forget *you*, Mary, though in truth, in my hurry I came near doing so. I have got a little present for you."

"For *me*, Henry dear?"

"Yes, for *you*—a keepsake."

"I shall need none, Henry, to keep you in my memory."

"Nevertheless, I have purchased one, and here it is."

Taking a small parcel from his pocket, Henry opened it, and displayed—carefully wrapped in floss cotton and tissue-paper—a slender gold chain, to which a small but heavy and beautifully chased gold locket was appended.

"Oh, how beautiful!" exclaimed Mary, with a natural feminine admiration of such costly ornaments, as her brother held the chain and locket to the light. "How *very* beautiful! But you should not have spent so much money as those trinkets must have cost you, upon me, dear," she added. "It is very extravagant; and then it would ill beseem me to wear such a costly ornament here, at St. David, and in my present position."

"Why not? At any rate you can keep it until you are in a position to wear it, which time, I trust, will not be long in coming. Or you can wear it without exposing it to view. However, as I just now hinted, it was by mere chance that I came to buy it. Touch the spring, Mary."

The locket flew open at a touch of the spring, and disclosed inside a miniature portrait, beautifully painted on ivory, of a little girl of ten or twelve years of age.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mary, "that is pretty; but, Henry, what does it mean?" and the young lady glanced at her brother with a look of surprise and perplexity.

"You recognise the portrait, then?" said Henry.

"It is very like the miniature portrait of mamma when she was a little girl—the miniature that poor papa took to sea with him on his last voyage."

"It is very like *yourself*, Mary, when *you* were a few years younger. In fact, it resembles *you now*. Any one would perceive the resemblance."

"The miniature I speak of was said to be very like me, Henry. But what does it mean?"

"The portrait? It means, unless I am very much mistaken, that that locket, which, as you perceive, is of massive gold and old-fashioned workmanship, was once in mamma's family. I do not speak from the miniature alone. That may be but a singular coincidence. Sometimes people do greatly resemble each other. But look at the locket itself. You remember papa's gold seal, that was given to him by mamma soon after they were married, with her father's motto and crest engraved

upon it? And you recollect the coat-of-arms and seal in mamma's Bible, that she had kept from the time of her childhood?"

"Yes, perfectly well, Henry."

"Well, then, look at the outside case of the locket, and you will see that the crest and motto are the same. There is the shield with the same quarterings, containing two daggers and two stars, surmounted by a griffin, and in a scroll beneath, the motto of the Mortons—

"Aut viam inveniam, aut faciam."

You remember mamma often saying how proud our uncle Charles—whom we never knew, and who was slain at the siege of Gibraltar—was of the motto?"

"Yes—it means—I have almost forgotten—"

"It means, 'I will either find my way or make it.' Poor uncle Charles! He fought *his* way to a glorious death, as it is called, at Gibraltar, and the rest of the Mortons have found their way to the grave. Well, I shall adopt the motto *now*, and we shall see if it be not to me a brighter omen. But to the locket in question.

"I saw it—open—exposed for sale in the window of a jeweller's shop, and the striking resemblance of the miniature to that of which we have just spoken, and to mamma and yourself, Mary, induced me to enter the shop and inquire the price of the trinket. No sooner, however, had the jeweller handed it to me, that I might examine the portrait more closely, than I immediately recognised the motto and crest. I was determined now to possess it, and again I asked the price.

"It is very solid and heavy, sir," replied the shopman; "heavier than they make these articles now-a-days. The price is seven guineas, and that is little more than the value of the gold, which is very fine. It weighs nearly two ounces."

"It was a high price. Still I thought, 'it is gold, and will always fetch nearly its value,' so I paid the man his price, and then he suggested that—as I probably intended it as a present to a lady—it needed a gold chain. Then I thought it would do as an ornament for you; so I selected a chain, for which I paid five guineas—twelve guineas in all; so don't say that it is a paltry gift."

"It is far too costly a gift, Henry. But if it really once belonged to mamma, or grandmamma, more likely—"

"You're glad to possess it as an heirloom? So am I. I do not doubt that it once belonged to the Mortons, Mary. The crest and motto of no other family would exactly resemble theirs."

"When I had fairly secured my purchase, I told the shopman that the crest and motto were those of my grandfather Morton, and asked him how he became possessed of the locket. He hesitated, and seemed not to care to tell me. At length, when I pressed him closely, he said he had purchased it of a stranger, who looked like a gentleman's servant, and who told him (the jeweller) that it belonged to his wife, who had been a lady's maid, and that it had been given to her by her mistress. The man added that he and his wife were compelled to sell it against their will, through the pressure of poverty, both being out of employment. I should have endeavoured to learn more, but some ladies entered the shop, and, being in a hurry, I came away."

Various surmises were made by both the brother and sister as to the way in which the trinket, if it really, as they did not doubt, once belonged to the Mortons, had come into the jeweller's possession—of course, to no purpose; and at length, after having been again admired by

Mary, it was carefully wrapped up and put away in the drawer of the young lady's writing-desk.

Henry and his sister sat chatting over family and other affairs until a late hour, and then they bade each other good night, and retired to their respective chambers.

"You must have spent all your money, Henry, with the exception of your friend's generous loan—all the money you had in your possession when you left St. David, I mean—between the cost of your journey and the price of the locket and chain," said Mary Talbot to her brother the next morning.

"Not all," replied Henry; "I have still a few guineas left. I was very careful in London, I assure you, until I met with my lucky adventure. Now I have the four new fifty pound notes intact, besides the loose gold, none of which I need to spend until I set out for Southampton."

"Because," continued Mary, "if you *should* need money, it would be a pity to change the notes until you arrive in America, and—I—"

"Could supply me with money, you want to say. You are really very anxious to persuade me to dispossess you of your spare cash, sister mine; but, really and truly, there is no need of any such generosity and self-sacrifice on your part;" and Henry again proudly displayed his crisp Bank of England notes.

Satisfied on this score, Mary made no further attempt to force her money on her brother's acceptance, and while she went forth on her daily duties Henry renewed his acquaintance with his former friends, and apologised for his abrupt departure without even bidding them good-bye.

A week soon slipped away, and the day came round when Henry Talbot was to set sail for Southampton to join Captain Dobson, and embark on board the packet-ship *Amazon*.

Before he quitted St. David on this occasion, however, he bade farewell, individually, to all his friends, with the exception of him who had, on his previous visit, shown him more kindness and attention than all the rest.

Poor Mr. Aston was still confined to his bed, and still Doctor Pendriggen would allow none but the hired nurses from the Falmouth Hospital to enter the sick chamber. The invalid was, however, rapidly improving; but he had sunk so low that the doctor was fearful, until his patient grew stronger, of the effect upon him of the slightest excitement. So Henry was compelled to leave it to Mary to explain, whenever Mr. Aston should be in a condition to listen to her, the urgent reasons which had induced him to leave St. David so hurriedly, and to part from one who had shown him so much kindness at such a critical moment.

Mary Talbot accompanied her brother to Southampton, and took her latest farewell of him—for she knew not how long, nor whether it might not be for ever—on board the ship.

She stood on the quay late into the evening twilight, watching the vessel as it slowly sailed down channel before the faint autumnal breeze, until the hull at length disappeared from her view, and she saw but the shadowy sails; and at length, when they too had disappeared, she returned slowly and sadly to the hotel at which she had engaged a room for the night.

The second parting seemed to her more sorrowful than the first, when Henry had hastily bade her good-bye, and left no time for thought, and grief, and tears. She had then sorrowed after he had gone, when she returned to her lodgings at night and missed his

cheerful greeting; but now she had anticipated his departure, and had grieved while he was still with her, dreading the parting moment.

That night, before she retired to rest, she prayed long and earnestly for her brother's spiritual and temporal welfare. But though she strove to comfort herself with the thought that the same gracious Providence that had watched over him on his native shores from the days of his infancy, could equally as well guide and protect him over the waters of the deep, and in a foreign and far-distant land, it was long before she could compose herself to sleep; and even then, when sleep closed her eyelids, her slumbers were broken and troubled by uneasy dreams, and she rose in the morning unrefreshed, and possessed with a sense of indescribable loneliness.

That day she returned to St. David; but though the rector and Miss Wardour, and her other friends—compassionating her, and sympathizing with her natural grief—redoubled their kindness towards her, a long time elapsed before she recovered her former cheerfulness.

Are there such things as presentiments, forewarnings, as it were, of forthcoming trouble or peril? Or are those forebodings which most of us have experienced at some period of our lives, and which we have believed to have been subsequently realised, simply caused by some peculiar position of attending circumstances, or by events, trivial perchance, and perhaps apparently disregarded at the moment, which have yet lingered in our memory, and, affected by certain conditions, have brought about the evil which we have mysteriously dreaded? Providence has wisely and mercifully veiled the future from our eyes. It is well for us that we know not what is to befall us, either for good or evil. Yet, if trouble be brought about through attendant circumstances, it is possible that by dwelling upon or brooding, unconsciously perhaps, over these circumstances, certain results may be foreshadowed in our minds, which, when eventually they come to pass, lead us to believe that we had a presentiment of their forthcoming; while, if nothing occur to cause us uneasiness, the circumstances and the fancied presentiment of forthcoming evil are alike forgotten.

Mary Talbot, after her brother's departure, felt her spirits depressed by a dread of some impending trouble. Whence it would arise, or what form it would assume, she could not conceive, and in her brighter moments she struggled hard to shake off these—as she then regarded them—idle, foolish fears; but her efforts were in vain. The shadow loomed larger and darker, and day by day seemed to be drawing nearer, until at length, in her case, the presentiment of impending evil was verified—the trouble she had dreaded came upon her.

THE MONEY MARKET.

To the vast majority of English men and women outside the commercial circle, the Money Market is a mysterious intangible something, of which they have no definite conception. Though they see it figuring in the columns of the newspaper whenever they take one in hand, if you were to ask them "What is the Money Market?" or "Where is the Money Market?" most of them would be puzzled to answer. Perhaps some would refer it to the Stock Exchange, and some to the Bank of England, while the idea of others would be that it was connected with the change-houses and bullion-shops where they see the big piles of notes and bowls full of gold displayed in the barricaded windows in Lombard Street and the neighbourhood. For the benefit of readers

who entertain such indefinite notions, we shall jot down a few sentences concerning the Money Market, not with any intention of treating the matter fully—for to do that would require a pretty large volume—but with the view of giving them some elemental knowledge of a subject fraught with interest, and a knowledge of which may lead to a right understanding of matters with which it has not always an obvious connection—matters, for instance, of history or of home politics.

The Money Market, then, has no visible existence, and, of course, cannot have any definite locality. It may be said to exist only in the imagination; for it is impossible to point it out and say "Here it is," or "There it is." People may suppose that it lives somewhere in the atmosphere of Threadneedle Street, the Exchange, in Lombard Street; but such a supposition would be fanciful, and, if not absolutely false, yet infinitely wide of the truth. The truth is that the Money Market is everywhere, and it has been well compared to the principle of life in the human body, active in all the members but having its seat in the heart; for the Money Market is the circulating system of the whole material organisation of society—its controlling masses being in London, but the channels through which sensation and vitality are received and transmitted, ramifying in all conceivable directions, and spreading out through all parts of the kingdom. Many people belong to it all unconsciously to themselves, for it includes all who are lenders or borrowers of money, from the contractors of a national loan of millions to the thrifty lass who deposits her savings in the Post-office Savings Bank. The central force is the Bank of England, which at times has the power to retard and suspend the action of all the other forces, and will exercise that power if necessary. The City private banks come next, who, by virtue of the familiar combination that exists among them, and their common clearing-house, may be regarded as one institution. Then come the numerous joint-stock banks, whose number has much increased of late years, and whose deposits, amounting to many millions, have more than doubled within the last decade. After the City banks come the City brokers, men whose establishments consist perhaps of a single up-stairs room, who make no show and court no observance, but not a few of whom, nevertheless, are the possessors of immense wealth, won for the most part by the exercise of a talent peculiar to themselves. They affect a class of business about which bankers care little; they know everybody from whom it is possible to borrow, and to whom it is safe to lend, and are thoroughly posted up in everything that has the remotest practical relation to money. They have the faculty of reading men's faces, and can get at the financial predicaments of a borrower through the quiver of his lip or the unsteady glance of his eye. They are said, figuratively, to know a bad bill by the *feel* of it, and to be able to scent the taint of insolvency miles off, snuffing it in the air. From their intimate knowledge they are able to engage in transactions which a banker would refuse, and would not, indeed, be justified in accepting. They calculate risks to a hair's-breadth, and regulate their terms accordingly, and, confident in the security their system guarantees them, will extend their accommodations to the utmost limits of prudence.

A different section of the Money Market are the bankers of the West-end, old firms some of them, who date their origin back to the time of Charles II. These are the bankers of the aristocracy, the peers, and the landed gentry; they do not dabble much in speculation, do not offer sliding-scale interest on deposits, and can keep themselves perfectly comfortable in times of panic,

without sending delegations to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Kindred with these, though of a more humble rank, are the provincial bankers of the market towns and rural districts—warm men, with well-furnished pockets, well acquainted with the fiscal liabilities of the gentry around them, and seldom averse to advancing a good solid sum in mortgage upon the "dirty acres," every tree and hedge-row on which have been familiar to them for years. The provinces also have their joint-stock banks, many of which have stood the test of severe trial and bravely weathered the storms under which they were expected to succumb. The farthest from London, but more than rivalling the London bankers in the soundness of their theories and in their practical skill, are the bankers of Scotland—men who justly pride themselves upon carrying out a system of banking which has not its equal in the world—a system which has been worked for a hundred and twenty years together, with the rare occurrence of anything like run or panic, and the still rarer occurrence of loss to the shareholders. The Scotch banking system is admitted to be the strongest in existence; but it is said to be peculiar to the Scotch people, and not transplantable to an alien soil. Last to be mentioned as lying within the domain of the Money Market are the banks of Ireland, which on the whole have been extremely well conducted and bear a high character. The Bank of Ireland, managed much after the system of the Bank of England, occupies the noble building in Dublin which was the Parliament House when Ireland had a Parliament. It is to Ireland what the Bank of England is to this country—steadfast to all its engagements, and ever faithful to its trust. The Irish joint-stock banks have also been of signal service to the country, in developing its industry, and, with a single exception only, have suffered no taint of discredit.

All this multitude of banks, scattered throughout the United Kingdom, may be considered as forming one system; because, in the first place, all of them are under the frequent necessity of making payments in London, which they do by commissioning their agents, by letter, to make such payments; and in the second place, all are occasionally liable to the need of accommodation which only the London banker or broker could afford them. Paying by correspondence, instead of by sending the cash, is the grand medium by which modern commerce is facilitated and accelerated: it is said to have been derived from the Jews of the Middle Ages, who by its means were able to baffle the designs of marauders and the hatred of priests and kings; but the plan did not originate with the Jews, who are supposed to have derived it from the money-dealers of India, where it has been in operation from time immemorial. With us it has long been naturalised, and has been worked in every practicable way, its last and most popular phase being the system of post-office orders, which may be said to be the banking of the people.

As London is the great centre of the Money Market, it will be evident that the tendency of all balances not wanted in the country is to flow up to London, because country bankers will seek to make a profit of their surplus by putting it out to interest, while private investors are willing to do the same; and neither of them, as a rule, can have recourse to any other quarter, seeing that the London Stock Exchange is the regular mart for stock of every description. If the flow of money into the market were uniform and regular, the distribution of it could be so systematised as to prevent any great scarcity or over-abundance; but it is not so, being, on the contrary, exceedingly fluctuating and uncertain. One result of this irregularity shows itself in occasional gluts

of money in the hands of London money-dealers, and such gluts, if they are continuous, are apt to lead to reckless speculation, culminating in panic and ruin to thousands. For there are always a host of speculators who will borrow cash on almost any terms, and embark in any venture, however rash or unprincipled, and who will contrive to make a gain out of it by the loss of others. When money is scarce and stocks are low, such speculators would not be listened to, and they keep in the background; but in seasons of glut they come forward with their specious projects and grand and delusive promises; and then that section of the silly public which is always ready to be devoured rushes to the lure like the moth to the flame, and, in the foolish expectation of twenty per cent., parts with its capital, never to touch it again. One would think there were always investments enough open to those who have savings to place out, without having recourse to new ventures; and so indeed there are, as a glance at the Share-list will show. Every morning's "Times" gives a catalogue of from four to five hundred different ventures in which a man may embark his capital if he chooses, but none of these ventures have the dazzling aspect of the speculator's bubble; and though some of these shares may be had cheap enough, supposing they paid a dividend, there may be the ugly fact with regard to them, that they do not pay any dividend at all. A little study of the Share-list, with a reference to the rates of dividend, will serve to show the justice of the Duke of Wellington's maxim, that "high interest means bad security." The student will see that Consols, at the average at which they have sold for some years past, pay but three and a quarter per cent.; that railway shares in the aggregate pay no more than four; and that our colonial Government securities oscillate between five and six. He knows that of these the only infallible security is the Consols; that the security afforded by railways, though based on solid property, is not so firm, and that colonial security, assuming it to be unimpeachable in all respects, is at least liable to be shaken, perhaps shattered to pieces, in the event of a general war. If he look further he may find shares that have paid and are yet paying their seven and eight per cent. and even more, but he will find on examination that their high dividends are compensated by risks proportionately high; and he would be pretty sure to find, if he could get at the truth, that those who buy them seldom keep them long—regarding their transactions in such wares rather as speculations than investments.

Assuming that the reader has now gathered some idea of what is meant by the "Money Market," we will turn our attention to this morning's paper, and see what further light the money article will afford us. The first sentence tells us that Consols drooped a little, and left off one-eighth lower than yesterday, the cause being some anxiety concerning affairs on the continent. Then we are told of depression in the railway market, and certain lines are mentioned as having fallen rather heavily. Then comes a special feature in to-day's market, a serious fall in the Royal Mail Steam Company's shares, on intelligence of the disastrous hurricane at St. Thomas, by which four steamers were lost and others damaged. The shares, says the report, were done to-day as low as 65, but rallied a little, and closed at 65 to 70—a fall of more than £8 below the quotations of yesterday. The next paragraph tells us that there has been an increase in the demand for discount, and the rates have tended upwards. Then there is an extract from the Bank return for the past week, showing that the bullion has been reduced so much, the reserve of notes

so much, that other securities have fallen off so much, and private balances have diminished so much. Then follows an account of stocks of all kinds, showing the prices at which they stood after the business of the day was over, and the fluctuations, if any, which they underwent during the day, in the following order:—Consols, Foreign Stock, English Railway Shares, Foreign ditto, Colonial Railways, Colonial Government Bonds, American Securities, Miscellaneous Securities, and Bank Shares. To the above may be added the latest quotations from the continent, through Reuter's telegraph, comprising accounts of operations in the money-markets of Paris, Amsterdam, Hamburg, Frankfort, Berlin, and Vienna. Once a week the money article contains also the Bank return for the week, showing the state of its issue department and banking department, and comparing the business done with the business of the week preceding. Every kind of intelligence which has a practical bearing on commerce and money-dealing may be also looked for in the money article—such as the failures of great firms, the loss of vessels at sea richly laden, financial schemes at home or abroad, insurrections in continental states, etc., etc. Appended to the money article is the Share-list, containing from four to five hundred different stocks, and showing the prices at which they all stood at the close of the day's business.

Now let us look at some of these items, and note how their publication is calculated to be useful. The first item is to the effect that Consols are falling in value; then, if you wanted to sell Consols, it might be wiser for you to wait a day or two until they had risen again; or if you wanted to buy, it might be prudent to buy at once, before they rise again. The second item tells of certain railway lines which have fallen heavily; then, if you happen to have confidence in these lines, or any of them, and feel that your confidence is well founded, you may do a good stroke of business by purchasing as many shares as you can while the depression continues, and selling them again when they rally and recover their value. The third item is that sad account of the disaster at St. Thomas, which has cast down the shares of the Royal Mail Steam Company; then, if you had been alert when that news came and produced its first depressing effect, you might have made a good thing by buying up shares at the depression price and selling them again, perhaps on the same day, when they rose to their just level. The fourth item records an increase in the demand for discount; then, if you are a money-lender you can increase your rate of discount; and if you are a borrower you know that you will have to borrow at a higher rate, whether you do business with the Bank or with any one else. The fifth item tells of a reduction in the bullion, the resources, etc., of the Bank, and you will know if that reduction goes on that the Bank will have to contract its issues, and you may calculate how far that may affect you, either as a borrower or a lender.

But we need not pursue this examination further. We see now that there is not, there cannot be, an atom of intelligence set down, either in the money article or in the tabulated Share-list, which is not calculated to be interesting to somebody. Indeed, it is a question whether these financial columns are not more studied every day in the year than any other portion of the newspaper. Of the upper, middle, and professional classes—the classes who find the morning paper on their breakfast-tables—a very large proportion are given to speculation in stock or shares to a greater or less extent, at some time or other. To many of them the Share-list, dry and repulsive as it looks to the ordinary

reader, presents the most startling details—the minute figures and fractions, when read by the light of experience, being far more eloquent than the tropes of rhetoric, and fraught with the evidence, now of enormous gains, now of the most frightful loss and domestic ruin. Any man conversant with the history of the Money Market for the last dozen years, needs but to glance down the Share-list of to-day, to discover the source of many a rich man's wealth, and of many a poor man's poverty. When he sees shares which were once at a premium of ninety or a hundred per cent. now quoted at a discount, he knows what that means; he knows that the difference between the paltry values now registered and the excessive values of a past period—a difference representing vast sums—has all gone into the pockets of the knowing ones, and out of the pockets of the simple, leaving their "larders lean and cellars dry." Not that people consult the money article to moralise over it. Nothing of the sort. The shareholder looks into it to see whether his shares have risen or fallen, whether he is worth more to-day than he was yesterday, or is worthless. He likes to see his investments going up, even though he has no thought of selling, and it annoys him to see them going down. If he have a little cash to place out, he will run over the list to see how certain shares stand, and perhaps, if he likes the look of them, he will write to his broker and commission him to buy a certain number. Or perhaps he sees that certain shares he holds have gone up to a point which will pay him a good profit on their original cost; and, having reason to think they will go no higher, he sells them out at once and secures the profit. Stockbrokers may examine the list as a guide to their transactions. Perhaps they have commissions standing over to buy in or sell out such or such securities when they touch a certain point, and they do buy or sell accordingly, when that point is reached; or, having no such commissions, they do business on their own account, when, judging from experience, they infer from the state of prices that it may be done advantageously. In short, everybody at all interested peruses the list from an interested standpoint, and acts, or refrains from acting, according to the view each takes of the information it affords. In a country like ours, where commerce is all in all, the mutations of the Money Market are of paramount import, not to money-dealers only, but to every department of trade, and to the workers in all descriptions of industry. Some trades stop altogether when money is what is called "tight," that is, procurable only at a high rate of discount; and it happens again and again that thousands are thrown out of employ when money is at eight or nine per cent., who would be in constant work if the rate could be maintained at anything below five. Meanwhile, it must be evident that, even to the industrious classes, who can have no personal interest in the rise and fall of the values of securities, the publication of the money article is a boon, inasmuch as its tendency is to shed a light on all kinds of monetary transactions—to place hindrances in the path of underhand dealers—to give timely warnings by casting the shadows of coming events on the dial-plate of to-day—and to promote free trade in money.

ROBERT GROSTESTE.

ONE hundred and fifty years before Wickliffe protested against the authority of the popes and the temporalities of the Roman church, and upheld that the common people should be instructed out of the Holy Scriptures,

a prelate sitting in the see of Lincoln had done the same. His name deserves one of the loftiest niches among the noble band of worthies who have been called "Reformers before the Reformation." Not unlike Wickliffe in character, in steadfastness, and in some of the circumstances of his life, both had the same peaceful death, surrounded by faithful friends, despite the ravings of fierce enemies who would have longed to burn them; both were honoured by a papal rescript ordering the disinterment and destruction of their mortal remains. But the good they had done lived after them, immortal as their faithful and steadfast souls.

Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln, was of mean descent, born at Stradbroke in Suffolk, about the year 1175. When he was charged with his obscure parentage in after life—for even in the reign of the second Henry, plebeian birth could be taunted as a crime—Grosseteste was wont frankly to acknowledge and in nowise to extenuate the charge. Yet what a dead level of the forgotten do all the Norman-blooded of the age, except a handful of names, appear to us of the nineteenth century! His name, it may be remarked, was merely a Christian name, Robert: the affix was given him at Paris, after the manner of the times, either from a personal peculiarity, (it signifies "greathead"), or from admiration of his uncommon mental capacity. His contemporaries, in writing of him, style him simply Robert, or Bishop Robert.

The earliest picture we have of his life is a touching one. A friendless boy, begging about the streets of Lincoln, he chances to come to the door of the mayor. Here was the turning-point for Grosseteste, as for a certain little Luther some three hundred years afterwards, standing before the house of the burgher Cotta. The good mayor speaks to the little mendicant, is charmed with the child's artless story, takes him up as a *protégé*, and puts him to school.

Thenceforth we find Robert always a student. In due time he went to Oxford, and made the fullest use of all the advantages of that seat of learning. He studied the Greek language, and became an excellent proficient therein, while it was almost unknown throughout Europe, and rarely heard of in the universities. His tutor was called Nicholas the Greek, being one by nation: a man of fortune, who attached himself warmly to his clever pupil, and went with him subsequently to Paris.

Grosseteste learned Hebrew from Jews living in the Jewry at Oxford. Both these acquirements brought him face to face with Scripture, and helped him to the consummate knowledge of theology ascribed to him. If we are to believe his admiring contemporaries, the young Oxonian knew well-nigh everything—"logic, ethics, economics, the branches of natural philosophy then known, such as the doctrine of the sphere, of comets, the rainbow, the atmosphere, light, catoptrics, motion, together with arithmetic, geometry, music, the learned languages, medicine and ecclesiastical law, astronomy, metaphysics, and theology." A tolerable list of attainments, requiring a pretty "large head" to stow them all away! And we are to remember that at the period there was not a single book, in our acceptation of the word, throughout Europe—nothing but manuscripts; "and a good manuscript was worth a good horse." More than two hundred years were to pass ere Koster of Haarlem should cut his wooden types, and give the earliest idea of printing. How lessened would be the number of our own literati if their only means of learning was through the difficult and varying caligraphy and contractions of manuscripts! I suppose the only person in our day qualified to estimate the hardship of

such study is an editor; and I have looked with reverence and with pity at his piles of papers, wondering how one poor pair of eyes could get through them all.

The embryo bishop acquired manuscripts in Paris, and also learned to speak and write the language of the country to perfection. A *patois* of French was the current tongue

Groste's humble prebendal stall for four successive archdeaconries; and so the former beggar-boy climbed onward to his bishopric.

For many years of this period, Robert Groste had been more remarkable for science than spirituality. Severely moral he was always, even when a high-spirited



BISHOP ROBERT'S CONTEMPT FOR THE POPE'S BULL.

of the higher classes in England at that time; our marvellous composite English was spoken only by the churl and the serf, in terms unrecognisable by ears polite of the present. As yet the very earliest premonition of a national literature was not; Latin was the medium of monkish annalists, and Norman-French that of social intercourse.

While very young, Robert Groste lectured in his university on the grave subjects of philosophy and divinity; and at the age of twenty-three had acquired a reputation for learning and steadiness, which caused William de Vere, Bishop of Hereford, to send him an invitation to become one of his household or ecclesiastical establishment. On this occasion Giraldus Cambrensis, whose name is known to most of our readers as an historian of eminence, wrote a letter of the highest encomium to the Bishop concerning the youthful Robert. But this patron died very soon, and Groste continued lecturing in his college until he came under the notice of Hugh de Welles, Bishop of Lincoln, an eminently pious man, which was not always an episcopal qualification in those turbulent times; and finding in his diocese this ripe scholar (for Oxford was then a part of the Lincoln diocese), he was glad to advance him as he could. In the course of twelve years he had exchanged

youth among crowds of foolish young men; and, as an ecclesiastic, he was irreproachable where reproach was common. But it would appear to have been a dangerous illness, in 1232, which caused him fully to dedicate himself to the service of God. His sincerity was evinced by the immediate giving up of all his church preferences, and his return to the prebend's stall. We are told that his sister, a nun, wrote to him to inquire for his health; and in his reply he informs her of this resignation of his dignities, and hopes she will not fret about it, as his object was the better fulfilment of his duties.

Heretofore he had amused himself with experiments in natural science, which had gotten him the name of a magician, and with calculations in astronomy, which had caused him to be dubbed astrologer. The poet Gower, writing of "the great clerk Groste," tells a story of a brazen head which he forged, and which could speak, and "give counsel in doubtful cases." One day, as it was being set up, it fell and was broken in pieces—the work of seven years destroyed in a moment, quoth the legend—and the fragments lie dormant in some vault of that very noble pile, Lincoln Cathedral, of course amid supernatural company. Another story, detailed by Richard of Bardney, a monk who composed a rhythmical life of

Grosteste in Latin, is to the effect that once when the Bishop of Salisbury had promised to officiate at Rome on a certain day, and was unable to go, he sent for his archdeacon Robert the very day before, and stated his difficulty. Grosteste bade him be comforted, for he himself would get to Rome that night and officiate in his stead. Away goes the archdeacon; summons to his aid a spirit-horse, by whose wings he forthwith mounts among the stars; finds—strange to say!—the sun revolving round the earth, and all things planetary in the erratic order assigned them by Ptolemy, and descends into the midst of Rome just in time to do the duty assigned to the missing bishop! A modern biographer guesses that the nucleus of truth here consists in the unusual energy of Grosteste's character having conquered the difficulties of transit, and brought him to and from Rome in some space of time so short as to be incredible to that credulous age without the aid of necromancy.

That was the minstrel period, when bard and troubadour were largely honoured throughout Europe. During Grosteste's lifetime, Richard the Lion-heart had been discovered in his Austrian dungeon by his musician Blondel, the lay sung and harped without the fortress being taken up by the captive prince within; and in the early ecclesiastical years of our Robert, the harp formed a chief delight of his leisure. He composed long religious "romances," or lyrical narratives, to be set to the harp; and De Brunne, a Gilbertine monk, who wrote concerning him in the reign of Edward III, says:—

" He loved much to hear the harp,
For man's wit it maketh sharp:
Next his chamber, beside his study,
His harper's chamber was fast thereby.
Many times, by night and days,
He had solace of notes and lays."

The poet goes on to state that one asked Grosteste "the reason why he had delight in minstrelsy?" To which the bishop gave answer, that the harp and its music reminded him to worship God to the best of his power, as did David—

" In cords, in organs, and bells ringing,
In all these worship the Heaven's King."

Grosteste was himself a poet of no mean note in his times. Seventeen hundred verses is the length of his "Roman des Romans," or Romance of Romances; also entitled "The Castle of Love," signifying thereby the love of God to men. It is an allegory of the fall and the redemption of the human race; written, as those testify who have read it, in the vivid manner of a mind which lived continually in the conscious presence of things unseen and eternal. The key to the theme of the poem is found in the lines—

" We oughten over alle thing
Worship Him with trū love."

These words are not Grosteste's original, which was composed in Anglo-French; but from an ancient translation into what philologists call "early English." Another poem of the bishop's is his "Manuel Peche," wherein he treats of the Commandments, and especially those seven offences which the church of Rome is pleased to style "deadly sins." The before-mentioned Robert de Brunne published a translation of this popular composition about 1320, more than a century after the poem was written; his manuscript is still preserved in the Bodleian library. He states that his object was that it might be sung to the harp in public entertainments; some of his introductory words are as follows:—

" For lewed (unlearned) men I undertooke
In Englysh tung to make thyss boke.
For many be of such manere
That tales and rymes wyl blythely hear."

There is a passage in Grosteste's "Castle of Love," at the opening, which deserves transcription, and was eminently characteristic of the subsequent life of the man.

" The good one thinketh, good may do,
And God wyl helpe him thereto:
For was never good work wrought,
Without beginning of good thoughte,
Ne never was wroughte none evil thinge,
But evil thought was the beginning."

We have much modernised the spelling of the specimen.

An era in Grosteste's spiritual life was the appearance of the new orders of mendicant monks. They came as reformers, these Dominicans and Franciscans, with their vows of deep poverty, of perpetual preaching, among the slothful and sensuous Benedictines who lived on the fat of English land. Grosteste had long regretted the intense worldliness of the clergy, seculars and regulars, and hailed the Franciscan zeal with gladness. He lectured for ten years in their chapel at Oxford, though he never took the habit of a friar; and his sermons were expositions of Scripture, with wondrous gleams of truth in them, considering the dark times and the dark audience. At this period he wrote a controversial work addressed to the Jews concerning their leading error, the perpetuity of their law: "a masterly argument, an admirable production," says a late biographer. He deserves a certain honour for having written "in a spirit of gentle candour" to a people detested and despised as the Jews were then; it was not so long since the regal dastard John had tortured and butchered numbers of the helpless Israelites. Everywhere spoken against, by every man considered fair prey on which to wreak his rapacity and cruelty, it is to the credit of Grosteste that he was sufficiently in advance of his age to use only the modern weapon of the pen against them, and that with a gentleness and consideration which might be a pattern to controversialists among ourselves.

Of the friends and fellow-labourers surrounding Grosteste in the university at this time, but few names have survived oblivion. We hear honourably of one Stow, his fellow-countryman, from Suffolk, as "a clear interpreter of Scripture;" of Adam de Morisco, on whom was bestowed the title of Illustrious Doctor for his learning and piety; above all, of Friar Roger Bacon, who calls Bishop Robert his "great master," and in 1234 was joined with him in a commission from Henry III for the better regulation of the University of Oxford.

Bishop Hugh de Welles died in 1235, and Grosteste was his successor. He was sixty years of age; but nearly twenty years of good work for the church (not understanding by that term the Romish apostacy) was before him. A humble-minded man—there is extant from him a letter of touching modesty, penned when he was Archdeacon of Leicester, in which he states that he felt his acquirements trifling, when compared with the vast abyss of unsounded truth. "In innumerable matters which are objects of knowledge, I perceive myself enveloped in the darkness of ignorance;" and it was no mean proof of his advanced knowledge, that he could see the vast extent of undiscovered country beyond. Now was this humble man signing himself "Robert, by divine permission, the poor minister of the church of Lincoln." He owed his preferment to personal merit, and the free election of his brother priests. Six furnished palaces were for the residence of the former pauper boy; and never did a man "risen from the ranks" condescend himself in a more unassuming manner.

We have a picture of his entertaining the king at one time, the weak and unprincipled Henry III, during one of his royal progresses, and the monarch observed that

he was surprised to find a person of the bishop's mean extraction and severe habits of study able to acquit himself so elegantly as host. Whereto Grosteste replied by acknowledging his obscure descent, but stated that he had, from the time of his beginning to read the Scriptures, always endeavoured to imitate the models of behaviour that he found therein. The king and his subject were not always on such friendly terms of conversation. Henry was determined to evade Magna Charta as much as he could, and constantly supported the pope in his illegal oppressions of the English church. Bishop Robert would not yield one jot of the national freedom to either prince or pope. Hence came many sharp contests.

His rule about the promotions in his diocese cut right at the king's and the pope's habits of presentation to non-resident persons, whose qualifications to fulfil the offices they undertook was the very last consideration in the minds of those who gave the benefices. But Grosteste wrote thus: "I dare not, for the love of God, confer the care of souls upon any person who will not sedulously discharge the office in person. For the office is of the greatest importance, requiring one who applies himself to it with vigilance, prudence, diligence, and fervour; who preaches the word of the Lord in season and out of season; who exhibits himself as an example of good works; who, when he gives salutary admonition, and is not regarded, can grieve and lament; whom no prejudice, passion, entreaty, gift, nor partiality can divert from the path of rectitude; who delights in labour, and whose sole desire is to profit souls." Under which description, from the pen of a medieval bishop, might be written, "Portrait of a true Christian Pastor."

Acting upon such principles, he utterly refused to consecrate a young man who came to him clothed in scarlet, and wearing a ring, as candidate for a large cure, though backed by a powerful courtier. This was almost the first act of his episcopate, as almost the last was his firm stand against a similar aggression of Pope Innocent's. The bishop had received a Bull of Provision commanding him to appoint one Frederick Savonia, an Italian youth, to the first canonry that fell vacant. Should the bishop presume to institute any one else, it would be null and void. Should he refuse to obey, or should he obstruct the appointment of Savonia, he must look for excommunication; and the bull ends with the celebrated clause of *non obstante*, or notwithstanding, setting aside all laws that could contravene.

Grosteste wrote a letter in reply, which has survived, and identifies his memory with the boldest of reformers. "It almost retorts excommunication for excommunication." "Your provisions are to destruction," he tells the pope. "Flesh and blood, and not the heavenly Father, hath revealed such doctrines. Your *non obstante* clause overflows with uncertainty, fraud, and deceit, and strikes at the root of all confidence between man and man. . . . No sin can be more adverse to the doctrine of the apostles, more abominable to Jesus Christ, than to defraud and rob those souls which ought to be the objects of pastoral care, of that instruction which, by the Scriptures, they have a right to. Such mandates ought not to be obeyed, though an angel from heaven should command it."

Never had the Holy Father heard such language in all his sacerdotal existence. No wonder that he burst into a storm of rage. "Who is this old dotard, deaf and absurd, who thus rashly presumes to judge of my actions? If I were not restrained by the goodness of my own heart," added Innocent, with an appropriate papal oath, "I would make such an example of him as would

astonish the world. Is not his king my vassal, my slave?" And the bishop was excommunicated; it was the year of his death, 1253.

But in the interval before this period he had worked well in his vast diocese. The city of Lincoln alone contained fifty-two churches; whence may be judged the magnitude of the concerns which Grosteste had to manage. He found reformation imperatively needed. Crowds of useless clergy and indolent monks met him on every side, who had taken orders to escape into a luxurious life from among the hard-working commonalty. He was continually making progresses throughout his province, and preaching himself in every place to which he went. Almost immediately on his accession he removed seven abbots and four priors for various offences. The clergy grumbled, waxed wroth, stirred up against him whatever powers they could. But he persevered. Once, having given notice of his intention to visit his cathedral, the prebendal churches and others, his dean headed the malcontents, and issued a mandate that the bishop should not be obeyed when he appeared. With his usual meekness of temper, Grosteste wrote a reply, averring his purity of intention, and praying his clergy, in all friendship, to show him any mistakes he had made or might make: he was willing to rectify any such, and make what reparation lay in his power. The dean and canons would not even answer his letter. When he arrived on the appointed day, no bells were ringing, no respect was shown to the diocesan. The dean and chief clergy had set out for Rome, the other clergy were not to be found. They had appealed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who would do nothing; and then they forged a foundation charter of the church of Lincoln, which named the king as arbiter of all disputes between the clergy and their bishop. The decision was referred to the pope, finally, and a bull was given partly in Grosteste's favour. His canons again fling his mean extraction in his face, and declare their bitter repentance for having elected him bishop, and procure a secret assassin to give him poison, whence he recovered with difficulty, by the help of the Dominican Friar John de St. Giles, who had once been physician to the French king.

It came to his ears that Pope Gregory ix had promised to his Romans all the vacant benefices in England. After the news came a confirmatory bull, desiring the Bishop of Lincoln not to dispose of any prebend until 300 young Italians had been served. Grosteste cast the parchment from his hand with indignation. "If I should commit the care of souls to them, I should be the friend of Satan." Thereupon the pope deposed him, and sent a foreign prelate to take his diocese; but the people rose in arms, and protected their bishop.

The Legate Otho was called "fleecer of the land, gulf of Roman avarice." Grosteste had frequent skirmishes with him, as may be imagined. When Otho revenged an affray of the Oxford students by an interdict and confiscation, the re-establishment of the University fell into Grosteste's hands. He wrote to the divinity teachers, requiring that they laid well the foundation of true theology. "The fundamental stones are the books of Moses and the prophets, the apostles and the evangelists; which you rightly lay, when you explain those books to your auditors by the gift of discerning spirits, according to the sense of the text." He adjures them in Christ Jesus to let their lectures be upon the New and Old Testaments only, and not on other matters compiled by worthy writers, and supposed to conduce to this end." He would have Scripture the sole textbook of theology: surely a Protestant principle.

A stormy episcopate had Grosteste. Twice excommunicated by popes, often obliged to contend with his monarch, and with his own priests, we find him once under the last ban of Canterbury, pronounced solemnly with bell, book, and candle. He had refused to put his seal to a circular letter for forcibly raising money to pay off the Archbishop's debts.

Three times he was cited to Lyons, then the papal residence. When seventy-seven years of age and very infirm, he appeared for the last time. We are told of his uttering, in the very presence of Innocent, the bold words—"O money! how great is thy power, especially at the court of Rome!" He composed a long sermon on the vices of the papacy, and gave copies of it to the pope and cardinals. We can only wonder that he ever came back to England.

He was dying on the sixth of October in that year. During the long wakeful night of restlessness which almost always precedes dissolution, he conversed with his chaplains on spiritual matters. Speaking of the state of the church, he said that nought but the edge of the sword could deliver it from the Egyptian bondage under which it laboured; he declared the pope a heretic, who for earthly and fleshly gain abused his trust of the care of souls. Some of the dying man's words seem distinct prophecies of the Reformation. And so, as Matthew Paris writes, "the holy bishop Robert departed this world, which he never loved."

Perhaps one of the best eulogiums on him was the triumph and delight of his papal foe Innocent. "I rejoice," he exclaimed, "I rejoice; my great enemy is removed." But all righteous men and faithful "clerks" throughout England went mourning for Robert Grosteste.

E. H. W.

LIFE IN JAPAN.

II. FOOD.

JAPANESE dinners are not very tempting to European tastes, consisting so much of what we are apt to term "messes." Beef, mutton, and pork, the substantial viands to which we are accustomed, are not eaten by the Japanese. The ocean, which surrounds and intersects their islands in every direction, is their store-house, and fish is their principal article of food. When presents are sent from one friend to another, a small piece of dried or salted fish, and some seaweed, accompanies them, tied with a red and white string, and wrapped in a paper, on which is written a sentence that, translated, means, "Happy those who never depart from the wisdom of their ancestors." This is done to keep them in remembrance of their origin from a race of fishermen, and their dependence on the ocean for their daily food.

The dinner-service consists of lacquered or china bowls and plates, on which the dainties are placed. The dining-table is not more than nine inches high, and the guests sit round it on their heels, using chopsticks to convey the food to their mouths. Dried fish, prawns on a kind of sweetmeat resembling toffee, rock-leeches, pickled eggs, salted ginger, boiled rice, yams, pears, a kind of wild raspberry and radish, with capsicums, are amongst the principal dishes at a Japanese repast. Bread is represented by a sweet sponge-cake, and saki or rice wine, in great variety, is the invariable accompaniment. Tea is also largely drunk. A very delicate kind, used only on special occasions, is made from an infusion of dried peach-blossoms.

The coarse brown flesh of the whale is eaten by this nation of fishermen and women. Sharks' fins are par-

ticularly sought after. Bêche de mer, cray fish, dried shrimps, salmon fresh and dried, in fact, almost every kind of inhabitant of the waters, pay tribute to the dwellers on land. Even seaweed is compelled to furnish a nutritious food. Rice is the staple grain; the flour of millet makes nice little cakes; the lotus-seed (a kind of nut) is much appreciated. The Japanese raise a great variety of vegetables, but they are coarse, and without flavour. Beans, peas, lettuce, cabbage, etc., grow well on their fertile soil. Potatoes, also, are successfully cultivated on the hill sides. Large quantities are exported to the neighbouring Chinese coast, where they form a grateful addition to the tables of our countrymen and women in the Far East. Some other vegetables have also been introduced into Japan since it was opened to western intercourse. The cauliflower in particular has been most successfully acclimatised. Some seeds were obtained from England, and planted in the European gardens on the Bluff, near Yokohama, and the result was somewhat startling; for the stems attained the height of five or six feet, and one head was sufficient to supply a large dinner party.

The native vegetables are wanting in flavour, and the people seem to have no delicacy of palate. Many fruits flourish, but the fruit is not permitted to ripen, being gathered before it has attained maturity; thus all their peaches are rendered valueless to foreigners; pomegranates and persimmons are also wasted. Grapes are better appreciated; they are grown on some of the Damios' estates, and are said to belong to the ladies, who, if so, certainly bestow much care upon them. This fruit is occasionally sent great distances, carefully packed in boxes of arrowroot, which effectually secure it from the light and air, and when taken out it is perfectly fresh, with even the delicate bloom untouched, though it may have been transported some thousand miles.

The tender shoots of the bamboo are boiled as an esculent; it has a woody, but not disagreeable flavour; preserved as a sweetmeat it is very nice.

COOKING.

Stewing and boiling are the native methods of dressing food. In countries where coal is not in general use, strict economy in the matter of fuel must be practised, and therefore we see in Japan no vast kitchen ranges consuming large quantities of the black diamond, but instead, various stoves, in which a small amount of charcoal is burnt, just sufficient to produce the necessary degree of heat to cook the food. The kitchens attached to the temples and monasteries are spacious; and stewing, boiling, and soup-making are carried on, on a comparatively large scale, over charcoal fires embedded in brick-work.

In private houses, such as those which belong to the well-to-do shopkeepers and merchants, the cooking is accomplished without much display. A wooden fire-box, about the size of a cubic foot, lined with a substance which answers the purpose of a fire-brick, contains sufficient fuel to prepare a dinner; for, with proper attention from the cook, several pots containing rice, small pieces of fish, and vegetables can be kept at the due simmering degree of temperature.

Baking is done on a small scale, to prepare cakes and biscuits of different kinds from wheaten and rice flour.

Like their neighbours the Chinese, the Japanese convey food to their mouths by the aid of chopsticks, or thin pieces of wood, bone, or ivory, about nine or ten inches long. It requires considerable dexterity to manage these implements properly. The two sticks are held in a peculiar way between the fingers of the right

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PETS.

All over the world dogs take the first position, when one wishes to speak of creatures of the animal kingdom selected as objects of care and interest by men and women.

The Japanese ladies possess a very choice breed of pet dog, supposed to be the same as that known in Europe as the Charles the Second spaniel. As some intercourse was still kept up with Japan by England, through the East India Company, during the reign of the Merry Monarch, it is probable that these pets of his court were introduced to this country from the land of the Tycoon. These dogs are small, with beautiful silky hair, fringed paws, and pug nose. So completely is this feature diverted from the purpose it ordinarily serves in dogs as a breathing passage, that it is difficult to believe the effect has not been artificially produced. It was not until we saw some very young puppies quite as deficient in useful noses as their parents, that we could believe the pretty little doggies were not cruelly used in their infancy, by their noses being in some way compressed. They are very delicate little creatures, and the utmost care is bestowed upon them by their mistresses, which they repay by manifesting much satisfaction when in female society, and selecting the long dresses to sleep on. Owing to the peculiar formation of the nose, they snuffle and snort during sleep, and the tongue hangs out from the left side of the mouth. We recollect once going to a dog-fancier's at Nagasaki, where numbers of these little animals were collected for the purposes of sale. They lived in elegant kennels, and at certain times were let out into a small dry courtyard for their morning airing, where they frisked, and barked and snuffled together to their hearts' content, and then these dear little things, dear in more senses than one—for the price ranged from twenty-five to fifty dollars, or from £6 to £12 each—were fed on boiled rice and fish, and replaced in their domiciles.

Japanese cats are different from our English tabbies, inasmuch as their tails are merely stumps. In that respect they resemble the Manx cats. Pussy, without her long curved appendage, loses much of her grace of form and movement, and it is some time before the eye becomes accustomed to the deficiency. Cats are there, as here, the household pets, and are encouraged for the same services which they render to us, *viz.*, that of preying on rats and mice. If Dr. Rolleston's theory be correct, that the white-breasted marten used to be the mouser of the Romans, perhaps pussy has come to us from Japan; only it is curious she should have developed a tail in every other country but the Isle of Man.

A small pond, containing gold, silver, and purple-spotted fish is often introduced into the gardens. These fish are, of course, privileged pets, and swim about in happy ignorance of the fish-devouring propensities of their mistresses. The fins and tails differ much from those of the species we are accustomed to; they are particularly large and diaphanous, and the fish appear to move through the water by the aid of delicate white lace sweeps. The head is square and large, and the prominent eyes give it a singular appearance. A particularly choice kind has a round white body, with a golden head, and tail divided into three.

Japan is the land of pheasants, and the denizens of its woods have been caught and caged, to charm, with their brilliant plumage, those who care for and tend them. That gem of birds, the golden pheasant, with its bright crest, elegantly-marked ruff and rich orange-red breast, graces the aviaries, as well as the quieter silver pheasant, whose delicately-pencilled plumage has

hand, and if the rice be the edible undergoing consumption, the small basin containing it is held close to the mouth, and the contents are, as it were, shovelled in in a very ungraceful manner, according to our ideas. Then, if it is desired to partake of any fish, or meat, or vegetables, small pieces are taken out of their respective dishes by the help of the same chop-sticks which had been previously used in the rice, carving-knives being entirely dispensed with, as the food is cut up small before being cooked.

The Japanese china ware used for dishes, plates, cups, and basins is very beautiful. The material itself is excellent, and the colouring with which it is decorated is generally in very good taste and well harmonised. The egg-shell porcelain, which is as thin as the fragile article from which it derives its name, can be used, but it is, of course, too delicate for ordinary purposes. China cups, round which bamboo is beautifully interwoven, like basket-work, or strengthened with lacquer-ware, ornamented with mother-of-pearl, are also seen, but the common china is white, with a blue pattern running over it.

DRINKS.

The stimulating drinks of the Japanese are prepared from rice, and are generally known to foreigners under the name of sakee. They vary much in strength and flavour, probably to as great an extent as our own wines. Sakee is usually drunk warm. Some kinds resemble pale sherry in colour, and are by no means disagreeable; others are very strong, and their effect is soon seen on the people, numbers of whom are, unhappily, addicted to drinking—even the women indulging in this vicious habit. So general is this practice of drinking to excess, that towards evening the streets of a Japanese town become dangerous for quiet people, many two-sworded men, or Yaconins, frequenting them, who, when under the influence of sakee, become peculiarly quarrelsome, more especially towards foreigners; and murders have several times been committed in consequence.

We have already mentioned a delicate drink made from an infusion of peach blossoms, which is offered to favoured guests. The leaves of the tea shrub afford the most common, as well as the most refreshing drink. It is taken without either milk or sugar. Milk is not in any form an article of diet, cattle being kept for agricultural purposes only, such as ploughing, irrigation, etc. Some very choice delicate kinds of tea grow in Japan, the sandy hill sides being well adapted for the successful cultivation of this useful species of camellia. It is a pretty plant, having dark-green shiny leaves with serrated edges, and white blossoms, somewhat like our small dog-rose. The fresh leaf, when eaten, leaves a delicious flavour on the palate, and the odour which pervades the building where tea is being fired or dried resembles the delicate perfume of a hay-field on a dewy summer evening.

Our sisters in Japan are largely engaged in the manufacture of tea. The female hand is well suited to the delicate process of gathering the choice tender leaves of the early crops; and it is women who manipulate the tea in iron pans over charcoal fires, when preparing it for the foreign market. The tea used in Japan is merely picked and sun-dried, and does not require any further preparation. The firing and preparing tea for shipment give employment to large numbers of very poor women, whose appearance becomes exceedingly unattractive after they have been occupied for some time in the warm and dusty rooms, their complexions assuming a greenish hue from the light particles of the tea floating in the air and settling on them.

a quiet charm of its own. The purple-breasted and copper varieties are also found in them.

Sportsmen and battues are unknown in Japan, so that the happy pheasants do not number man amongst their natural and most dreaded enemies.

The wild fowl around Yeddo—geese, ducks, teal, etc.—are never disturbed by the sound of fire-arms, it being contrary to the decrees of the government to fire a gun within a certain distance, (10 re.) of the Imperial city; so that they are perfectly tame, and the foreigner has some difficulty in believing that they are not domesticated birds. The bantams are particularly pretty—just such delicate-plumed little creatures that lovers of birds would choose for their pets. The tail of the cock bird is very curved and long, and quite sweeps the ground as he proudly struts about. The eggs are small, delicate in flavour, with very thin shells.

ON BOARD THE GALATEA.

In our December part we gave some account of the good ship Galatea, and of her gallant and royal commander, the Duke of Edinburgh. The progress of the voyage is well known to the public from the official announcements in the press, but our readers may be glad of some further notes from the private letters to which we were indebted for our former communication.

The Galatea steamed out of Simons' Bay, Cape of Good Hope, on Wednesday morning, October 2nd, without any ceremonies, but merely a signal from the fleet, wishing her a pleasant voyage. She proceeded on her course with favouring weather, and making way at the rate of from ten to thirteen knots an hour. All went, according to the wish, as merrily as marriage bells, till Saturday the 12th, "when," as our correspondent writes, "after blowing fresh all the forenoon, we got into the fury of a cyclone, and had 'a regular sneezer' during the night. At 12:30 the lower deck was cleared, and all the men in the ship were up and at work on the upper deck to reduce sail, which it took three hours to do, the ship rolling so heavily that they could not stand, and were being continually washed into the lee scuppers. One of the young-officers* set a brave example to the crew, by running out himself upon the fore-yard, and showing the most timid (and, though British sailors, there were some such) what was to be done. Thus the duty was performed and the sail reefed."

Our informant, writing not for public, but private information, goes on with his description, in a manner which we trust will be found of sufficient general interest. "You know," he says, "what a cyclone is. It is a circular wind, and rather a disagreeable thing to encounter, as it sometimes shifts so rapidly as to leave but short time for meeting its tempestuous changes. To give you some idea of its force last night, you must conceive one of the coppers with which ships' bottoms are sheathed, and there were three or four of them lying on the upper deck, which were lifted up and thrown overboard as if they were so many sheets of paper. We were obliged to run before the gale, and for some time in a direct line for the Cape again. It was at times quite terrific. The ocean was one mass of white foam, and the seas immense, rising up and rushing along like so many living monsters, as if threatening every moment to devour the ship. Are you aware that

the waves in these parts are supposed to be the largest in the world? and I believe the supposition is nearly correct. I never saw such, and the Galatea,* being so long, works a good deal, and was set leaking like an old basket. I do not mean any serious leak, but annoying little drops dripping from every square foot of the berths, sides, top and bottom, and making dry clothing impossible—every deck wet, and the water washing about everywhere. The gale lasted, on and off, nearly a week, and through it all the gallant ship rolled on. By the 19th the angry winds had moderated, and the weather was again auspicious, with a fine breeze. She had sailed over 300 miles a day, and made 3050 in fourteen days."

On the Sunday our friend treats of an altogether different scene; but if its simplicity touches our readers as it touched our feelings, they will not be displeased if we present, in his own words, his account of a funeral at sea.

"The only new thing in the monotony of a sea voyage is the very old thing, death; and that came on board of us last night in the middle watch, and seized its victim, a poor marine, and so departed for the time, satisfied, but who knows how long? We buried him this afternoon at half-past three. If our burial service on land is considered beautiful and impressive, how much more so is the same ceremony performed at sea! Surrounded and alone, as it were, with only the greatest of His works, the mind has nothing to distract it from the contemplation of the solemn and last duty we pay to a fellow creature, taken from the midst of familiar comrades. Dong! dong! dong! Hark, there sounds the bell, and all, officers and men, assemble on the deck. All is prepared and ready, the chaplain, in his surplice, waiting for the body, as the first glimpse of the white, red, and blue of the Union-jack appears, as it is carried up from below. We all uncover save the marines, and they present and then reverse arms, forming a lane for the bearers and their burden. After the rattle of the arms has died away, the silence, only broken by the tolling of the bell, the creaking timbers and the sighing wind, is absolute. Even 'look-out' in the foretop, a hundred feet away, is, I see, standing reverently and bareheaded, to witness the last of one who till late last night was a shipmate. Up into the daylight comes the Union-jack, and as it reaches the upper deck the wind raises the bunting gently, but enough for me to see the grating, and a red stain of a deeper colour than the flag, oozing through the hammock† (his coffin), and marking the wood. And now it is resting on the gangway, partly overhanging the heaving water. I hear the murmur of the chaplain's voice (for I am too far away to hear the words), then a splash sudden and solemn, and the gangway is empty. We have committed the body of our brother to the deep, and before the service is over, and the three volleys of musketry have died away, he is far astern and many fathoms down:

"The bright blue sky above his head,
The waters all around him."

And so ends the last of this strange eventful history. Yet what of that? we are one the less; the band will play, the crew make sail, and the lost mariner will be most forgotten. Yet he may be missed in some expectant quiet nook of old England as a good husband, a loving father, and a dutiful son, when the sad news

* We may be pardoned for extracting the name of this gallant midshipman—the Hon. Mr. Curzon—whose "pluck" was rewarded by the prince calling him aft when the service was over, and commanding him warmly for the intrepid conduct he had displayed.

* Our correspondent, like all true sailors, speaks of his ship as if he loved her. There is nothing to compare with her on the ocean, except, perhaps, her companion, the Ariadne, and on the present occasion she "rather astonished some of them" by the manner in which she strained and worked.

† The cause of death to account for this is not stated.

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reaches his early home." On the 22nd another man, who died suddenly, was in the same manner committed to his ocean grave.

Our letters of later date tell of the loyal reception and stirring events of the Australian visit; but most of this has been transferred to the English from the colonial newspapers. One thing we may notice, that the duke's "service dinners," of about a dozen guests at a sitting, astonished the colonists who heard of them, and elicited admiration at the cook's art, with materials so limited by the length of the voyage, and the absence of shore supplies. All that foresight and skill could arrange were certainly supplied for the voyage of the Galatea.

A few words in conclusion, about the picture of the Galatea, which forms the frontispiece to our monthly part. It represents the ship, not in the recent cyclone, but in a yet more fearful storm, which she encountered when under another command. She proved herself on that occasion a truly sea-worthy craft. It was one of those tremendous West Indian hurricanes so fatal to many a strong vessel, manned by many a gallant crew. Captain Maguire,* since dead, was the commander. It was a perilous ordeal, out of which the good ship came so severely shaken that it was for some time a question whether she must be left in these seas a shattered wreck, or risk the home voyage.† It was an anxious time for the commander. If assailed on the homeward voyage, could she outlive another storm? Fortunately the substantial safety of the hull was ascertained, and temporary repairs proved sufficient for the return, and the Galatea survived to become more than ever noted in the annals of the Royal Navy.

FAR-OFF VISION.

From Apia, Navigators' Islands, Mr. Trood has sent the following summary of his theory and experience as to far-off vision, in reply to the criticisms that appeared on his former paper in the "Leisure Hour." It will be remembered by many of our readers that Mr. Trood, like M. Bonniveau, formerly in the Mauritius, claimed the faculty of seeing ships and other objects long before they were visible to ordinary vision.

* The Galatea becoming historical, any little anecdote connected with her may, at any rate, like the following, be amusing. His royal highness's predecessor, an excellent and highly esteemed officer, had in him a rich dash of the impetuous and genuine Irish character. Once, when earnestly reproving a delinquent sailor, he crowned the lecture with the bitter reproach, "Worse than all, you are a disgrace to the flag you are flying under!" On another occasion, signalling an invitation to a colonial governor and his lady to dine on board, he was adding that he would be happy to receive the family and their governess (a very pretty woman) also, when one of his officers near him hinted that the message might possibly be misconstrued. "Indeed, truly," exclaimed the captain to the signal-man; "belay the governess!"

† Mr. Sear, the skilful and experienced chief engineer, was anxious about the machinery, and wished to know the state of matters below the surface. There happened to be a diving-dress on board, but no divers. One of his staff, a young assistant engineer, had been permitted, in calm weather, to disport himself in this panoply, and, somehow, a look towards him was cast in the emergency. But diving was no part of an engineer's duty, and the task was dangerous—so dangerous that the captain would not run the responsible risk of ordering it out of the ordinary line of service. Nor did the youth think it right to volunteer it in a foolhardy manner, but had it intimated to his commander that if he requested, or expressed a wish for it, he would at once equip himself and do his best. The result of his exploration appears in the following record from his captain, and entered as a memorandum at the Admiralty:—"Great credit is due to Mr. Jerdan, assistant engineer, for services rendered in examining the ship's stern and screw well, by diving. He went down in the diving-dress seven or eight times." To this recommendation it is probably owing that the diver was reappointed to the vessel, with whose hull he was so well acquainted, has had the honour to accompany the royal duke, and received his farther promotion to engineer as rapidly as the rules of the service could allow.

The following is Mr. Trood's communication, which we give in full for the sake of those who take interest in the subject:—

I conceive that all clouds exhibit on their outline the outline of terrestrial objects.

Clouds above the horizon exhibit on their outline the outline form of objects above the spectator's horizon.

Clouds on, that is, touching the horizon, exhibit on their outline the outline form of objects beneath the spectator's horizon.

Such outline images appear at times to be reflected from cloud to cloud.

Clear weather, involving a condition of the atmosphere unfavourable to the formation of cloud, exhibits but few form-clouds of objects above the horizon; and the form-clouds of objects at a distance are consequently then less liable to be intercepted by such. Land and vessels at a distance are then indicated by their respective form-clouds, according to the condition of the atmosphere in their several localities. And, in clear weather, it sometimes happens that while objects at a distance of 300 to 350 miles are plainly pointed out by their form-clouds, objects much nearer, say 50 to 100 miles, give no sign of their existence; but usually I found that on a clear day every object within, say 300 miles, was for a few minutes, at some time or other during the day, indicated by its clouds, either in *vraisemblance* small black form-clouds, or *jaunesemblance* small yellow, etc., or *blancsemblance* small white, etc. (See "Leisure Hour," 1866, p. 486).*

In a state of the atmosphere neither clear nor thick, only objects at a moderate distance, say 100 to 120 miles, can be made out; and, as the atmosphere is then favourable to the formation of cloud, their form-clouds will be larger and more extended, appearing in yellow or black masses (see "Leisure Hour," 1866), according to the hour of the day at which they appear.

In thick weather, the dense masses which fill the heaven wall in the horizon, and bear on their outline the outline forms of objects either above the spectator's horizon or else just beneath it.

Thus, in thick weather, the great number and size of the form-clouds of objects close to the spectator prevent him from perceiving the form-clouds of objects at a limited distance; while, in moderately clear weather, the form-cloud of objects at a moderate distance prevents him from perceiving the form-clouds of objects at a great distance. Also, in thick weather, the clouds just above objects above the horizon exhibit on their outlines, in a more marked manner than in clear weather, the outline forms of such.

Land at a distance is indicated to the spectator by round or pyramid clouds.

Vessels at a distance are indicated by clouds bearing on their outline the outline form of the said vessels, according to their position as regards the spectator; viz., whether broadside on or standing from or to him, etc. If a drawing of a ship or schooner in full sail be cut into relief, placed on a sheet of paper, and pencilled round, the rough outline form thus obtained will present a tolerably perfect resemblance to nine out of every ten vessel-clouds. If the vessel be only from forty to seventy miles off, there may be many such form-clouds on the

* May I point out some errors in the letters published in the "Leisure Hour," 1866 (pp. 485-6):—For "Bottineau" read "Bonniveau" (p. 485). For "at this port" (p. 486, line 22) read "on the south side of this island—Upolu." For "westward" (p. 486, line 54), read "eastward." For "about the same distance" (p. 486, 2nd col., line 53), read "various distances."

horizon at and over the spot where she is. Such form-clouds, though constantly changing, never wholly lose their resemblance to the object; and the two-masted or three-masted image (as the case may be) and bowsprit always emerge from each change of form, and declare distinctly the character of the object. Sometimes the form-clouds of both land and vessels at a distance form an angle with the horizon of 45° to 65° . I noticed, at night at sea, this peculiarity with a two-masted vessel, distant about fifty miles. We sighted her next morning. Her form-cloud extended one-fourth way to the zenith.

The best time for observations is a little before and after sunrise for objects to the eastward; and a little before and after sunset for objects to the westward. When the moon is near or at the full a good observation of objects to the eastward, at moderate distance, may be obtained just before her rising. And note particularly, all clouds that do not touch the horizon are valueless as indicators.

When success first attended my inquiry, I was sanguine that far-off vision might be turned to daily practical use by the navigator, but now doubt of this, unless an instrument can be invented to resolve the cloud distortions into the exact images of the objects. I yet hope that this discovery is destined to act an important part in future voyages of exploration.

In conclusion, it is well for me to remark that I have long since ceased to make regular observations. Unless, therefore, scientific men think the subject worth examining, and (either at the Mauritius, or some other place equally well suited, by its clearness of atmosphere, to the investigation) set on foot horizon-cloud observations, there is every reason for fearing that far-off vision will meet the same fate under my auspices that it did under those of my predecessor, Bonniveau, a hundred years ago; and that its vast and sublime phenomena, which open to science a new and unexplored region of useful research, will continue to pass unheeded before unseeing eyes.

THOMAS TROOD.

P.S. With reference to some doubts raised by Mr. Dunkin, of the Royal Observatory, (see "Leisure Hour," 1866, p. 512), I would submit to that gentleman—First. Although *vraisemblances*, *jaunesemblances*, and *blancsemblances* of land may proceed from change of temperature in the circumambient atmosphere of the land they shadow forth, yet it is unlikely that *vraisemblances*, etc., etc., of vessels are produced in this manner. This argument is supported by the fact that the size of objects appears to be a secondary matter in observation, —small vessels evincing themselves with sometimes greater distinctness than do islands equally distant, that are twenty to thirty miles in circumference. Secondly. Vessels seen by far-off vision are not reflected by the face of the clouds, as in a mirror, but their presence is declared by each whole cloud. [While on this part of the subject, I may remark, however, that the leading features of near land sometimes appear to be reflected by the face of large clouds.] If, on a clear day, horizon-clouds appear in a direction in which there is no land within four hundred miles, they denote a vessel, and their outlines, not their face, will determine whether she has two or three masts, etc. Lastly. Many sailors can see what is called the loom of land and ships long before the latter appear to landsmen; and in small ports, visited by few strange vessels, the residents, especially if nautical men, can generally tell, by the cut of particular sails, and other peculiarities of rig, the names of vessels that frequent the port, almost as soon as they heave in sight.

T. T.

Having submitted the foregoing paper in manuscript to Mr. Dunkin, he appends the following reply:—

The explanation given by Mr. Trood of the phenomenon of "Far-off Vision," as observed by himself and M. Bonniveau, is certainly very ingenious, and I have no doubt he is perfectly sincere in his conviction that the apparent indications which he has perceived in the form of the outline of clouds have originated as he describes. But I must confess that my mind is not sufficiently clear on the subject to believe the possibility of such an occurrence taking place at the distances which he mentions, from 300 to 350 miles. In a former note ("Leisure Hour," No. 763) I pointed out clearly that the small horizon-clouds "may indicate distant land, and can be explained by some of the fundamental rules of meteorological science." Of this there is no doubt whatever; but with regard to vessels this explanation would not account for the phenomenon described by Mr. Trood, because the radiation of heat from any vessel would be far too insignificant to form sensible cloud. Mr. Trood says that "vessels seen by far-off vision are not reflected by the face of the clouds, as in a mirror, but their presence is declared by each whole cloud." By this I am led to infer that the vessel-like cloud-forms are not produced solely by reflection, but that the cloud itself has in some measure originated by an influence which the vessel may have over the immediate atmosphere above it. Now this idea appears to me very unlikely, if not impossible. Again, granting that the origin of these "*vraisemblance* small black form-clouds" do arise from the influence of the vessel on the local atmosphere, such a phenomenon could not possibly be seen at a distance of 300 or 350 miles. I have taken the trouble to calculate what would be the apparent magnitude of an object seen 350 miles off. Let us suppose that the cloud-formed vessel is a mile in absolute length: its height above the surface of the earth does not alter our result. The image reflected on the retina of the eye of the observer situated at 350 miles distance would equal only about ten seconds of arc. In a powerful telescope, magnifying 150 times, this quantity would probably be no greater than a pea, while to the naked eye, looking towards the horizon, it would be scarcely visible, or if so to very acute eyes, it would not be much larger than a pin's point. But I have assumed in my calculation that the earth is flat, which we know for certainty is not the case; consequently, it is a very doubtful question whether the clouds localised at a distance of 350 miles can be seen under any circumstances so far.

Notwithstanding, however, my disbelief in the accuracy of this reputed "far-off vision," I have no hesitation in saying that the vision of Mr. Trood, and also that of M. Bonniveau, has been most singularly acute, and that they have been able to perceive distant objects before persons with ordinary sight. In my opinion the fancied vessel-like forms in the outline of clouds, "coupled with some happy coincidences of arrival, have somewhat deceived them." With the last paragraph of Mr. Trood's postscript I decidedly agree, an illustration of which I gave in my former note. It is a very natural circumstance that when people have been accustomed to use the eye for years for any special purpose, they should be enabled to view minute objects of which others have no visible perception. For example, as it is with the sailor accustomed to be on the look-out for distant objects, so it is with the astronomer, who at noonday is able to observe objects in a telescope, which would be invisible to the most acute eye of strangers, even when looked for through the same telescope.

E. DUNKIN.

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